

John Bennett Nov 4 1815

RINALDO and ARMIDA:

A

TRAGEDY, &c.

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Rinaldo and Armida:
A
TRAGEDY:
As it is ACTED
AT THE
THEATRE
IN
Little-Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by Mr. Dennis.

*Falsis Terroribus implet.
Ut Magnus. Horace Ep.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for Jacob Tonson at Graye's-Inn-Gate in Graye's-
Inn-Lane. MCDXCIX.

Rinaldo and Armida:

A

TRAGEDY:

As it is ACTED

AT THE

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IN

Little-Finches-Lane-Fields

By order of Mr. Dennis

Printed by J. G. Smith

at the Theatre

LONDON

Printed for James Taylor at the Theatre in Covent

Street

TO
HIS GRACE
THE

Duke of Ormond.

My LORD,

THE World has not been displeas'd to see in *Rinaldo* a Character Resembling Your Grace's, a Character of a Heroe who neither Rants nor Whines, but is great with a solid and real Greatness, very Valiant without Extravagance, and very Human without Weakness, and deserting Pleasure for Glory. And that Character naturally claims your Protection, which resembling yours has pleas'd all sorts of People: For your Grace

162047

at

DEDICATION.

at the same time that you have been the
- Darling of the Fair, has been the Passion of
the Brave, and the Esteem of the Wise.
The University of *Oxford* is proud of such
a Chancellour, and the Armies of the King
of such a Lieutenant General. All who are
engag'd in the Cause of Truth, whether
they defend her by Force or Argument, are
animated and excited by having your Grace
at the Head of them. But at the same time
- that you have been the Darling of the Fair,
and the Esteem of the Wise, the Largeness of
your Soul, and the Height of your Cou-
rage, the Love of your Country and the
Love of Glory, have made you almost the
Adoration of the Armies. Whenever you
were Encamp'd, the old Officers beheld with
Wonder in you a double Portion of the
greatness of Soul of the Noble Duke of *Or-*
mond, your Grandfather. And whenever
you were engag'd in the Field, the old Ani-
mated Soldiers Review'd with Ravishment
the Heroick Courage of your Father, the
Brave Earl of *Offory*. I must confess, My
Lord,

DEDICATION.

Lord, the commendation of any Man's Ancestors, is for the most part a Superficial and a Foreign Praise ; But to shew the High Esteem that we have of yours, is to shew the Value that we have for your Grace. I admire indeed the old Noble Duke of *Ormond*, and the Brave Earl of *Offory*, but I admire them most in your Grace. For the Blood of your Illustrious Family, like the Flood of a noble River, becomes more great and more august the farther it descends from its Source.

The Earl of *Offory* did as much as Man could do at *Mons*, and Success attended his Actions. Your Grace deserv'd to be Victorious at *Landen*, but Fortune would not have it so. But 'tis easie, my Lord, to look great in Prosperity ; To be great in Adversity that is the Work. Your Grace in yours appear'd so exalted to your Enemies, that they almost condemn'd that Fortune which had declar'd for them, and blush'd in their Captive to behold their Superior. I am afraid that I have gone too far, while I have ence-

DEDICATION.

your'd to please; For to shew that I am sensible of your extraordinary Merit, cannot but be pleasing to all the World but your Grace. But to shew that I had rather have your Approbation than that of the World, I here restrain the Passion which I have to proceed, and subscribe my self,

My LORD,

*Your Grace's most Obedient Servant,
and most Humble Admirer,*

JOHN DENNIS.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Prologue to this Play is a sort of Preface to it; yet because Prose seems to be more Adapted to Criticism than Verse, I desire the Reader's leave to say something more largely of things which were mentioned there. I had only the Hint of Rinaldo's Character from Tasso, but the Character is my own. And if any one objects that by differing from Tasso, I offend in this Character against the Resemblance of the Manners, to him I answer; That the Manners of Rinaldo in Tasso being unequal, they are Consequently not well mark'd, and that by Consequence there can be no Character. I was therefore at Liberty to form a Character from Tasso's Hint the most agreeable to my Subject that I could.

I design'd Rinaldo then neither a Languishing nor a Brutal Hero; He is Fond of Armida to the last degree, and yet resolves to leave her; but ow's that Resolution to the Strength of his Reason, and not the weakness of his Passion. And as he resolves to leave her out of a sense of his Duty and Honour, and not any Levity or Bar-

a

barity

The Preface.

barity of Nature; so upon their meeting in the fourth Act, he demurrs upon executing that Resolution, neither thro' Fear, nor any tender Infirmity, but something that happen'd which seem'd to Require it from his Goodness, and his Humanity.

For Armida, some Gentlemen who have read Tasso, may expect to see that wanton alluring delicious Creature who appears in the fourth Canto of the Gierusalemme, with all that's tempting in Art; but I desire those Gentlemen to consider that in that Canto she only appears in Masquerade, and Acts a part at the Request of her Unckle.

Fa manto del vero ala Menzogna, making use of Artifices that were contrary to her Nature, in order to the Seducing the Heroes of Godfrey's Army. The Poet gives her true Character in the 38th Stanza of the 16th Canto of that Poem.

E cosi pari al fasto hebbe lo sdegno
Ch' amo d' esser Amata, odiò gli amanti.

She is by Nature a Proud and a disdainful Beauty, Proud of her Triumphs, yet disdainful the Slaves which adorn'd them, and so much the more violent in the Love she bore to Rinaldo, because he was the only Person who had touch'd her Soul with tenderness. And therefore I was oblig'd to shew her, as the Nature of her Character and of my Subject requir'd. I say not this to Arraign Tasso, who is certainly one of the greatest of Modern Poets; but to defend my self: for I leave it to any Man of Sense to Judge, whether affectation be becoming of a Poem which
ought

The Preface.

ought only to express Nature; or the little Arts of a Jilt, of the Gravity, and Severity, and Majesty of the Tragick Muse.

But now 'tis time to answer an Objection. There is, say some Gentlemen, a Softness that is Natural to Love, and only that Softness, say they, should be capable of Engaging Rinaldo's Heart; for 'tis hard to conceive, say they, how such a Heroe should be passionately fond of a Woman, who appears always either in a furious disorder, or using of horrible Incantations.

To this I answer, that the Action of the Play begins, but between three and four Hours before the Death of Armida; That before that, the Lovers had been three Months together in the Enchanted Island, where she had entertain'd him with all that is Soft and Engaging in Art and Nature; That the fury of her disorder began but an hour before the Beginning of the Action of the Play, from a Hint which one of her Spirits had given her of the approaching Danger. All this will appear to the discerning Reader from the Play it self, who then may perhaps be inclin'd to believe that I have had a little Discretion in my Conduct, and that I have taken up the Story in that very part of it which alone is proper for Tragedy.

The Action is very Great and Important; upon the last Event of it depends the Success of the most Happy, and most Glorious Croisade, in which ever the Christians engaged against the Infidels. Godfrey's Army had Beleaguerr'd Jerusalem, which, according to the Fable, could not possibly be taken till Rinaldo was return'd, and had cut down the

The Preface.

Enchanted Grove. As the *Action* is Great, the *Characters* are *Illustrious*, and the *Scene* is extraordinary. All the *Objects* that appear to the *Agents* are almost intirely new; ev'ry thing they see in *Nature*, being wonderful, and surprising; ev'ry thing that they see in *Art*, being Terrible, and Astonishing.

I resolv'd therefore to do my Endeavour to treat this Subject with something at least of that Sublime at once and Pathetick Air, which reigns in the renown'd Sophocles. I resolv'd to use some Effort to make the Greatness of the Sentiments and of the Images answer to the Height of the Subject, and the Dignity of the Expression to the Greatness of the Sentiments. I design'd in this Poem to make Terror the prevailing Passion, which is likewise the predominant Passion in that admirable Grecian.

The *Action* is not only Regular in the Mechanism, (the Incidents falling without any restraint into the narrow compass of the Representation) but Decent too, I hope, in the Conduct of it; and (to the Reserve of the Machines to which the necessity of the Subject oblig'd me) reasonable.

I have endeavour'd to shew as much Address as I could in the management of it. The first Act but just opens the Design, and just shews Armida in such a Light as was likeliest to prepossess an Audience in her Favour, and make them Espouse her Interests. As soon as I had done that by the mouth of Urania, I thought fit to oblige her to break off the Narration, according to that Important precept of Horace.

Ordinis

The Preface.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit et Venus aut ego fallor,
Ut Jam nunc dicat, Jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, & præsens in Tempus omittat.

Armida resumes and continues the Narration in the second Act, and by displaying the grounds of her Jealousie, shews the fundamental qualities of Rinaldo's Character, and her own; the greatness of her Mind, the Pride of her Soul, the Violence of her Temper, and the Height of her Passion; and prepares what she says and does in the fourth Act, as Phenissa by endeavouring in this second Act to bring Armida off from her Passion, lays the Foundation of, and prepares the Catastrophe.

It may now perhaps be expected that I should say something in the defence of the Catastrophe. But the Objection against that being almost Universal, I should be unpardonably Presumptuous, if I should Imagine that I could be in the Right, against the Consent of so many Illustrious Assemblies as Composed the Audiences of this Tragedy. All that I shall say in my Defence is this, that perhaps I may one Day Retrench that which displeas'd them, and that I shall be a little more Cautious the next time I am to entertain them.

Prologue.

PROLOGUE.

S*Ince what is new, will likeliest Entertain you,
With a new Prologue first, we'll strive to gain you.
The Prologue's so entirely new to Day,
It nere can serve for any other Play.*

*Th'n all you Sparks who have to Paris Rid,
And there heard Lullys Musical Armide;
And Ye too, who at home have Tasso read,
This in precaution to you must be said;
Armida's Picture we from Tasso Drew,
And yet it may Resembling seem to few;
For here you see no soft bewitching Dame,
Using Incentives to the Amorous Game,
And with affected, Meretricious Arts,
Secretly Sliding into Hero's Hearts.*

*That was an Errour in the Italian Muse,
If the great Tasso were allow'd to accuse;
And to Descend to such enervate Strains,
The Tragick-Muse with Majesty disdains.
The great Torquato's Heroine shall appear,
But Proud, Fierce, Stormy, terribly severe,
Such as the Italian has Armida shown,
When by the Worlds disorder, she'd revenge her own.
To change Rinaldo's manners, we had ground,
Who in the Italian is unequal found.*

At

Prologue.

*At first he Burns with fierce ambition's fire,
Anon he Dotes like any feeble Squire,
The meer Reverse of all that's noble in Desire.
Then in a Moment leaves the Lovesick Dame,
And only Burns, and only Bleeds for everlasting Fame.
In a Just Play such Heroes nere have part,
For all that offends Nature, offends Art. —
What we have Chang'd, we leave to you to Scan,
Yet Judge with all the Candor that you can;
So shall your pleasure be the Writers Care,
Who for it neither Time nor Thought will spare;
Which were not wanting now, to give this Play its due,
To make it truly great, and truly worthy you.*

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

R Inaldo.
Ubaldo.
Carlo.

Armida. ✕
Urania.
Phenissa.

Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Thurman.
Mr. Scudamore.

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Boman.
Mrs. Lee.

Aerial, Terrestrial, and Infernal Spirits.

SCENE, *The Top of a Mountain in the*
CANARIES.

ERRATA

PAGE 5. l. 13. for *scarce Twenty*, read *just Twenty*. P. 15. l. 25. for *immers'd in the Air*, read *immers'd in Matter*. P. 35. l. 7. put the Comma after *Is gone*. P. 40. l. 7. for *Raging Friends*, r. *Raging Fiends*. Ibid. l. 27. for *your selves*, r. *your self*. P. 47. for *and yet*, r. *yet*. P. 53. l. 4. for *dreadful*, r. *dread*.

RINALDO and ARMIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Delightful Wilderness on the top of a Mountain in the Canaries. Overture with Trumpets.*

Enter Urania, Ubaldo, and Carlo.

Ubaldo. **T**HUS Heav'n declares th' Importance of our Enterprize,
While Angels their Ætherial Trumpets sound,
To animate us in our glorious March.

Uran. At length the Labours of that March are o're,
At length the sharpness of th' Ascent is conquer'd;
And we thro ways untractably abrupt
Have reach'd this Towing Sommet of the Mountain,
Where never Mortal yet, by Mortal Force,
Was known t' ascend, from whose commanding Height
At once Two Worlds lie subject to our view.

Ubaldo. By its transcendent Beauty and its Height,
This sure must be the Paradise of Nature.
O Blest Retreat! O Fields belov'd by Heav'n!
O Island justly call'd the Fortunate,
And with High Reason by the Ancients thought
Th' Elysian Seat of Happy Heroes Souls!

Carl. But, O Amazing Height!
At what Remote, and what Stupendous Distance,
Yon Tyrannizing Main below,
Insults the foaming Shore!

B

Ubaldo

Ubaldo, see how very far beneath us
 With flagging Wings the Painted Meteors fly
 Thro all th' Infernal Regions of the Air !
 How far below, Illustrious in its flight,
 The nimble Lightning scowres along the Skye !
 And hark how far, how very far beneath us,
 Th' exasperated Thunder roars !
 To plague the guilty World !

Ur. But never Storm disturbs this Happy place,
 The very pride and pomp of Wanton Nature,
 The very Darling of Indulgent Heaven ;
 Which still the Sun, the Worlds great Eye, contemplates,
 And never suffers Interposing Cloud
 To bar th' Eternal prospect ; 'Tis a Scene
 Not unbecoming of the glorious Action,
 Which Heaven's Almighty Will has chosen you
 Its Ministers t' Accomplish ; To this place
Armida's Magick pow'r conveyed *Rinaldo*.
 Here the great Champion of the Christian Faith
 Lies Languishing, and half dissolv'd in Love.
 The Terror of the Unbelieving World,
 And of thy proud Oppressours, O *Jerusalem* ;
 Is here become an Impious Woman's Slave !
 A Woman, who, like Lucifer of old,
 Of all the Angels of her Sex created,
 The Brightest and the nearest to Divinity,
 Is fain, and lost by her excessive Pride ;
 And not contented with her Native Charms,
 Holds guilty commerce with Infernal Spirits.
 Here in th' Embraces of his young Enchantress
 The Blooming Heroe passes all his days,
 And his Luxurious Nights in Wanton Joys,
 As wanton as the Wings of Western Winds,
 Whose spicy breaths throughout these flowry Plains
 Maintain Eternal spring. Him you must free,
 Or thou must still be entral'd, O Sacred City ;
 For on *Rinaldo's* Conquering Sword
 Thy Destiny depends.

Rinaldo and Armida

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Carl. The very Place assists us in the Action,
The very Place inspires magnanimous Thoughts,
As by the help of so sublime a Station
Here on the Frontiers of the rowling Skies,
We stand and breath, the Borders of Heaven;
So it exalts our very Souls, and lifts them
As far above the Level of Mankind
As here we walk above th' Inferiour World.

Ur. So had it need, for Dangers are t' ensue,
Enough to shake the Constancy of Martyrs,
And move the Blest Inhabitants of Heav'n.

Carl. What greater Dangers can Ensur,
Than what in reaching hither we Surmounted?
For, have we not by Heaven's supreme Decree
Transgress'd the Bounds establish'd by *Alcides*?
Have we not insolently dar'd to Plow
The Worlds uncultivated waste, the Ocean,
And dauntlessly explor'd its dreadful Wonders?
And in Ascending this Arthierial Mountain
Stood firm against the fierce Assaults of Hell,
Repell'd more Monsters than *Alcides* vanquish'd,
And baffled Furies, who in horrid Shapes
With stormy Rage oppos'd our Steep Ascent?
And can we now be capable of Fear,
In the Great Cause of Heaven! And in a place
Intended for Delight, and not for Terror?

Ur. But yet remember, *Carlo*, that *Alcides*
Who subdu'd Monsters, triumph'd over Hell,
Nay, and suppoed Heaven, became a Slave
To Pleasure.

Ubal. Things terrible are Enemies to Nature, *Carlo*,
Declar'd and open Eemies,
And all that's Great and Noble in that Nature,
At their approach still Rouses to Resist them.
But Pleasure, tho' its secret Foe,
At least appears its Friend.

Carl. Hark! What enchanting Sound salutes my Ear?

Uran. Ay, now the dangerous Conflict must begin,

Musick

For

Rinaldo and Armida.

For in this Moment Hell begins th' Attack,
 For know thou hear'st no Human Sounds, the skill
 Of all that's exquisite in mortal Man,
 Could nere produce such Harmony, the Work
 Of Spirits which Usurp th' Ætherial Air,
 Who formerly enjoy'd sublimer Stations,
 And so Divinely touch'd Emphyreall Lyres
 As pleas'd, ev'n him who turns th' harmonious Spheres,
 And sweetly Tunes the Universe. But see
 How yonder Fabrick like a Meteor rises,
 Advancing thro' the Skies its pompous Front,
 To this Enchanting Symphony.

*The Enchanted
 Palace rises
 to Musick.*

Carl. Hark! Voices in the Air.

A Song by the Spirits in the Air.

Lofty Musick.

YE mighty Powers who Rule the Air,
 Ye Gods who in the Ocean dwell,
 And ye who at the Center govern Hell,
 Hither at great Armida's Call repair;
 And while by your Command these Tow'rs arise,
 Till with unequal'd Pomp and State,
 Their soaring Heads salute the Skies,
 Shew those above that Hell can too create.

Ubal. But why, O sacred Minister of Heaven,
 Just at this Juncture does this Fabrick rise?

Ur. Know to this Hour *Rinaldo* and *Armida*
 Have loosely Revell'd in Enchanted Wilds,
 And Wanton'd in the open Face of Heav'n.
 But now the Enchantress who suspects his Constancy,
 Has to Secure him, by th' advice of Hell
 Rais'd this Majestick Structure.

Ubal. But can the Heroe of our Age *Rinaldo*
 The Champion of the Christian Cause, *Rinaldo*
 Descend to love a Sorceress?

Ur.

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Ur. No, not a Sorceress, *Rinaldo* Loves
The Beauty, not th' Enchantress, He loves
The Master-piece of Heav'n, not that of Hell,
The most Accomplish'd Work of the Creator ;
One who both Speaks and Looks above a Woman,
Whom Heaven design'd with more peculiar care,
A whole vast Species in one single Person ;
And an Idea of Sublimer Beauty
Than that with which the Loveliest of our Sex
Ensnare and Captivat the Souls of Men,

Carl. She is indeed a wonder.

Ur. A Beauty, in the prime of her perfection,
On whom scarce Twenty blooming Eastern springs
Have shed their sweetest Influence ;
Not an Asiatick Monarch but Adores her,
But Eastern Kings are soft as is their Climate.
Have you forgot the time when this *Armida*,
Leaving her Unckles Kingdom of *Damascus*,
With a dissembled Discontent, approached the Christian Camp
On the Pretence of asking Aid
Against the Oppression of a Tyrants power ?

Ubel. That curst design we never shall forget,
Which was to weaken and destroy the Army,
By drawing all our bravest Warriours after her.

Ur. Tell me, one Heroe of you all, whose Virtue
And whose Religion did not melt at sight
Of this Triumphant Beauty ? nay and melt,
Even as you stood upon the Sacred ground.
Where for your Lusts a God Expir'd in Torments :
Have you so soon forgot this ?

Ubel. Our blushes say we have not.

Ur. The very rude Plebeians of the Camp
By Habitual hardship mortify'd to Pleasure,
By Sanguinary deeds inur'd to Cruelty,
Gazd all the fierceness of their Souls away,
And at that sight dissolv'd in soft desire ;
Those brave Adventurers whom their fervent Zeal,
The flaming Love of Everlasting Glory,

Engag'd

Rinaldo and Armida.

Engag'd the noble Voluntary Champions
 Of this Renown'd Croisade Heavens darling cause,
 Disbanded all with shameful stealth by Night
 And left the Field, their Glory and their God,
 To follow this Enchanting fair, of all
 Only *Rinaldo* still remain'd invincible,
 But I want time to say the rest—
 E're yet approaching Night usurps the World,
 Both thou and *Carlo* must once more behold Her,
 And in a Cloud with me converse before Her,
 Unmov'd, unseen, unheard, unthought of by Her.
 Such is the Will of the Most High, but Hark!
 More Harmony, and this way it approaches.

Carl. And see the Happy Natives of the place.

Ur. These are by Heav'n's permission come to try you,
 And with soft Sounds seduce your Souls to Pleasure,
 Now stand upon your strongest Guards.

Spirits in the Shapes of Shepherds and Nymphs.

Shep. Welcome to these Lovely Plains,
 The happy Seats of Blissful Swains.

Nym. Welcome to these blissful Shades,
 The soft Retreats of Happy Maids.

Shep. Here we feel no want nor Care,
 And no inclemency of Air,
 And Lovers never here Despair.

Shep. Sorrow ever from us flies,
 Pleasure revels in our Eyes.
 If we pass an Hour in Courting
 'Tis for more Delicious sporting,
 Never cruel Nymph denies.

Nym. If any thing like Sorrow's seen
 In our Voice, or in our Meen,

'Tis

Rinaldo and Armida.

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'Tis not Grief that gives the Anguish,
'Tis with Pleasure that we languish ;
And if ever Nymph denies,
'Tis like one in Love who's Wife ;
'Tis like one who would invite
To more delicate Delight,
'Tis with wishing, dying Eyes.

Cho. All about us and above
Gaiety and Love inspires ;
All about us and above
Infuses Tenderness and Love,
And wanton fine Desires.

Shep. The Jolly Breeze,
That comes whistling through the Trees,
From all the blissful Region brings
Perfumes upon its speedy Wings,
With its wanton motion curling.
The Crystal Rills,
Which down the Hills
Run o'er golden Gravel purling.

Nym. All around Venereal Turtles
Cooing, Billing, on the Myrtles ;
The more they shew their Amorous trouble,
More fiercely dart their piercing Kisses,
And more eagerly redouble
The Raptures of their murmuring Bliss.

Ur. Enough, ye Ministers of Hell be gone,
Behold the waving of this potent Wand,
Whose sight can make the fiercest of you tremble,
And whose least touch can with Ten thousand plagues
Transfix your Howling Furies; Hence, take hence
Your Lying Forms, the Mimick Shapes of Men.
Or, by the unutterable Name—— they vanish.
Now, Heroes, I observ'd you well, and find,
That you unmov'd have past a dangerous tryal,
And gain'd a glorious Conquest o're your selves.

Ub. Let us Advancing, our success pursue,
They who themselves o'recome can Hell subdue.

Ur. Then as we move tow'rds yonder Magick Tow'rs,
Protect us in our March ye Guardian Powers;
Y' Immortal Ministers to whom by Heav'n
The Care and Charge of this great Action's giv'n,
Defend us from Hell's Terrible Alarms,
And guard our Hearts from Pleasure's fatal Charms;
Ye Angels strike your everlasting Lyres,
Sound, sound the Lofty Trumpet, which inspires
Th' exalted Soul with your Celestial Fires.

The End of the First Act.

ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *The Inside of the Enchanted Palace.*

Enter *Phenissa, Nisroe, Rinaldo Sleeping on a Couch.*

Phen. **S**leeps he Secure? And is the Queen Obey'd?
Tho' here's a Magick Symphony might Lull,
The raving Furies into soft Repose,

Nis. There he lies Buried in eternal Sleep,
Unless my self or some more pow'rful Spirit
Unbind and Rowze him from his Iron Slumber.
Thrice while I mutter'd Mystick Sounds I sprinkled
His Temples with the Drowsie Deadly Dew,
Brush'd by th' Infernal Ravens Baleful Wing
From the Black Poppies which on *Lethe* grow.
How Fares *Armida*?

Phen. She dotes, alas, she dotes on this *Rinaldo*,
Her Love, and Fear of losing what she Loves
Disquiet her sometimes almost to Madness,
Thow know'st the greatness of her Soul; from whence
Conclude how this Tempestuous Flame must Shake her;
Alas, I pity her.

Nis. I cannot blame thee.
Ev'n I, who for these long Six thousand Years
Have never felt one motion like Remorse,
I, were I not a Devil, I should Pity her;
The Fairest Creature which on this side Heav'n
My Eyes have ere beheld.

Phen. Say, what Success attends this desperate Love?

Nis. Alas, I dare not; for Remember *Ramiel*,
Who but for barely Hinting at her Fate,
Lyes Howling at the Bottom of th' Abyss,
Under the Vengeance of that Dreadful God,

C

Who

Who makes ev'n Furies tremble;
 Scourg'd till at each resounding Stroke
 He Bellows to the Blow:
 While all around, the poor tormented Ghosts,
 Gastfully staring with their Balesfull Eyes,
 Cease their shrill Cryes, and their lamenting Wails;
 All with Amazement hush'd, and as they Listen,
 Shuddring with Horrour at his Hideous roar,
 Yet what I dare I'll tell thee.
 Fame, that with Indefatigable Wings
 Born thro' the boundless Regions of the Air,
 Incessantly Surveys this Globe of Earth,
 Once in the Course of the revolving Year,
 Stoops at these Isles of Fortune, the Abodes
 Of happy Heroes, separated Souls,
 To visit her Adopted Sons, all Demy-Gods,
 Who undisturb'd in these Elysian Shades,
 Pursue Immortal Pleasures. If he shrinks not
 When next the Goddess comes, He's ours for ever.

Phen. When arrives she?

Nis. I dare no more, but tis thy part to try
 To Cure *Armida* of this raging Passion.

Phen. Nay, then thou sayst Enough; Alas I have,
 Thou know'st it is my Interest more than Hers;
Rinaldo is a Christian,

And wins each Moment on *Armida's* Soul,
 Who knows how far at last He may prevail;
 If he should once Seduce her from her Faith,
 What could be so Abandon'd as *Phenissa*.

It is my daily Study to Reclaim her,
 A Thousand times in vain I have attempted it.

Nis. Once more attempt it, then if thou Succeed'st not,
 Lull her with Hope, true Woes are to Succeed,
 Let her enjoy false Pleasures while she may.
 But she appears, I vanish.

sinks.

Enter

Rinaldo and Armida.

II

Enter Armida.

Arm. Phenessa, sleeps Rinaldo?

Phen. He does.

Why were you absent at the Magick Rites?

Arm. I hate this cursed Art since first it show'd me
That, that to which the hardest things are possible,
Yet wants the pow'r to calm my raging Grief;
All Nature lies subjected to my Charms,
I give her Rest, and Rowze her with Alarms,
My Arbitrary voice she hears with awe,
And standing fix'd suspends th' eternal Law.
I to the Tempest make the Poles Resound,
And the conflicting Elements Confound;
At my Command

The Thunder rushes out on flaming Wings,
And all the hollow deep of Hell
With hideous Uproar Rings;
Fierce Spirits who great Heaven's command disdain'd,
Submit themselves and are by mine restrain'd.
The Wildest things are by my pow'r Confin'd:
All but my Wild ungovernable Mind.
But I have home-bred Furies which Rebel,
While I subdue the fiercest Pow'rs of Hell.
Oh, my foreboding Soul!

Phen. Compose your self, Consider you'r a Queen.

Arm. Consider I'm a Slave, Consider I'm a Lover.

Phen. No Common Queen, they Rule but Common Slaves;
You Govern with a Nod all Asia's Monarchs.

Arm. Effeminate, Slothful, Lukewarm Creatures all,
Whose Souls were but half kindled by their Maker.

Phen. Then what they want from Heav'n they have from you;
Your Eyes have Blown those Souls into a Flame.

Arm. Those Kings I scorn'd before, I knew my Heroe;
What are those Royal Pageants? Thou hast seen them,
And what is my Rinaldo? Thou hast gaz'd on him.

Phen. The greatest of Mankind, since to this Height
The great *Armida* by her Favours Rais'd him;
Before, the last of the *Italian* Princes.

Arm. But the first of Conquerours.

Phen. A private Man, without Command in th' Army.

Arm. Fortune, and Fame, and Victory obey'd him,
Him, the Sole pow'r of that Victorious Army.
Who was the Terrour of the East, but He!
This private Man made all your Monarchs Tremble,
Ev'n in the midst of their own shivering Slaves,
To whom they ow'd their Pow'r and their Security.
His Pow'r was in himself, His dauntless Soul,
And his unconquered own Right Hand his Safety.
What? tho' he Rules no Empire, he deserves One,
And has both Conquered and Rejected Crowns:
He in his Inborn Worth is more Exalted.
No drowsie Monarch by a Dull Descent,
But for his High Desert prefer'd by Heav'n,
And singled from the rest of Human kind,
To Execute the vast Designs of Fate.

Phen. The Theme transports you.

Arm. Tis my Love Transports me.

Phen. Tis frankly own'd,

For such a Proud, Severe, disdainful Beauty.

Arm. Yes, I am Proud that I my self have Excellence,
To Know and Love such Merit; Surely Love
In this Excess has something that's Divine;
Women who Dote on Monsters ev'n to Madness,
Are proud of their own Fury. What must I be,
When the consenting World admires my Choice!
Thou, whose cold Mass runs Curdling thro thy Veins,
Thou gazest on *Rinaldo* with Desire;
Yet thou hast only seen the God of Love,
In the fresh Beaueries of my Blooming Heroe:
Oh, even in thee, what Raptures had he Raised!
Hadst thou once seen him like the God of War,
While Grizly Terrour perch'd upon his plume;
Severely shining in his dreadful Helmet,
And Thundring through the Tempest of the Field.

Phen.

Rinaldo and Armida.

13

Phen. Well! tho you Love with fury, you possess;
Since then the God of Love has made you Blest,
Why should you toil to make your self unhappy?

Arm. Once more, I tell thee, Love has taught me fear.

Phen. Fear! Fear of what?

Arm. The Torments which the Souls in Hell endure;
Nay worse, those Souls have only miss'd of Heaven,
But to have lost it, that's the Plague of Devils.

Phen. You seek those groundless fears,

Arm. Ah no!

Hell threatned me with fate by *Ramiel's* voice,
And Heaven by these Foreboding thoughts fortells it;
And, what is more than Heav'n or Hell to me,
Rinaldo has confirm'd it.

Phen. 'Tis but an Hour since he declared He Lov'd you.

Arm. But with such Accents and such Eyes declar'd it,
His very Anger had been less provoking;
Can one who Loves with such a Soul as mine,
Be Tortur'd worse than with endearing Words,
Spoke with the Coldness of that cruel Air?

Phen. But how should Nature bear perpetual Rapture,
When she quite sinks in Momentary transports?
Sometimes He meets your Love with equal Fury.

Arm. If he did not, he would be less than Man,
This Desert Isle divides us from the World,
Where He, and I, and Thou, are Human kind:
He lov'd me not in *Palestine*, where I
Seduc'd the very Flower of *Godfrey's* Army,
Subdued their inmost Souls by my soft Arts;
And led them from the Army thro the East
In Amorous Pomp, the common Foes of *Asia*,
And Victims to my Unkles great Revenge,
Only *Rinaldo's* Soul remain'd Impregnable;
A fiercer Flame than that of Love had seis'd it,
And his Eyes sparkled with severer fires;
The Love of Glory reign'd sole Tyrant there,
Which in great Souls still rages to a fault,
The Crime of Angels, and of Men like Angels;

Who

Who conscious to their own surpassing Excellence,
Would by great Actions force the Envious World
T'acknowledge their Transcendency of Nature.

Phen. But still the Ambitious love, as well as others ;
Nature makes use of Love in Mighty Minds,
Who else would be aspiring to be Gods,
To shew them they are Men.

Arm. Yes, they can Love, but think that Love their Frailty,
And not their Virtue ;
And when that Love comes once t' obstruct Ambition,
With all their might they make a vast Effort,
And tear it from their Souls.

Phen. The knowing this,
One would have thought, might have secur'd your Heart.

Arm. This made me Doat on him, and as he slept
Transport him on a Storm's sonorous Wings,
Far from the War, and the shrill Trumpet's sound,
To this sweet Place design'd for Love and Joy.
Yet ev'n here, where Earth and Heav'n, nay Hell
Conspires t' Indulge the sweetest of all Passions;
Where ev'n I, for whom a Thousand Lovers
Have sigh'd, and sigh'd in vain, with all that's soft
And delicate in Love descend t' incite Him,
Ev'n here he has but Intervals of Passion;
'Tis true those Intervals are Furious All,
For He in ev'ry thing is more than Mortal:
But then anon, ev'n in my very Arms,
My Eager Arms, he languishes for Glory :
He meditates profound, and fetches sighs,
Which, while He vainly struggles to repress,
With terrible Revulsions shake his Soul :
With Eyes upon me fix'd He sees me not,
And gazing upon his, I find him absent.
Oft in his Sleep he takes Convulsive Starts,
And cries, to Arms, Hark, Hark, the Trumpet sounds,
And Glory calls to Arms; I come, I fly,
Thou Darling of my Soul, thou Mistress ev'n of Gods !
Then with the fury of the Transport Waking,
He fetches sighs that shake his Inmost Soul.

Phen.

Rinaldo and Armida.

15

Phen. Well, since Ambition Rules in all great Souls,
Shake off this softer Rage.

Arm. I want the very Will to shake it off,
Ambition rules in Men, but Love prevails in Women;
Had Heav'n, that gave us such attractive Grace,
Not Temper'd our unruly Souls with Love,
We had been more dangerous to Men than Devils:

Phenissa, I am a Woman.

Phen. But no Vulgar Woman.

Arm. No, nor is mine a Vulgar Passion,
I bear a Mind no Stranger to Ambition,
But still my Love prevails above my Pride.
Oh, let me never know Indifference more;
I never can, nor will be calm again;
For who could live indifferent as to Heav'n,
That had but known the vast delight of Gods,
And had a taste of Immortality?

Phen. 'Tis the meer Feaver of your mind that talks thus,
For Love is nothing else.

Arm. Thou rail'st at Love as Fiends blaspheme their God,
Because He has abandon'd thee for ever.

Phen. My Years will bring my Sentiments to you.

Arm. Oh never, never let me see those years,
The Soul, that sparkle of Celestial Fire,
The longer it has lain immerst in th' Air,
The colder feels its sense of Heav'n and Love,
The great Originals from which it sprung.

Phen. Reason requires that you should rule this Passion.

Arm. Talk not of Reason, what, but Love, is Reason?
For, what, but Love, is Happiness?
Love first appears with Reason in the Soul,
And by degrees with Reason it decays.
But cease, forbear thy foolish ill-tim'd Counsel,
With silent awe attend my Potent Charm.
And thou, O Air, that murmur'st on the Mountain,
Be hush'd at my Command, Silence ye Winds,
That make outrageous War upon the Ocean;
And thou, old Ocean, lull thy wond'ring Waves;
Ye Warring Elements be hush'd as Death,

While

While I impose my Dread Commands on Hell ;
 And thou profoundest Hell, whose dreadful sway
 Is given to me, by Fate and *Demogorgon*,
 Hear, hear, my powerful Voice thro all thy Regions!
 By *Demogorgon*, I Command thee, Hear!
 And from thy gloomy Caverns thunder thy Reply.
 I am obey'd——

*Subterranean
 Thunder.*

Now send up Dreams that may be fittest found
 T'impose upon *Rinaldo's* slumbring thoughts,
 And to enslave his Soul.

*Spirits or Dreams arise in the shapes of Bertoldo and Sophia,
 Parents to Rinaldo; and of some that Rinaldo had slain in
 Battel.*

Bert. *Rinaldo!*

Soph. *Rinaldo!*

Bert. *Look up, Behold the Mournfull Shade
 Of him who gave thee Breath,
 Who steps to see thee, while thou'rt laid
 Upon the Confines here of Death ;
 T'inform thee of thy future State,
 And, e're yet it be too late,
 To prevent thy wretched Fate.*

Soph. *Look up my Son, Look up on me,
 In me th' Afflicted Sophia see.
 Ah Son! not all the grinding throws,
 With which, when thou wert born,
 My Tortur'd Nerves were torn,
 Equall'd half the wracking woes,
 Which now thy Mother undergoes,
 Thou Darling of my Soul, for thee.*

Bert.

Bert. Last night I cast a Look
Upon Fates dreadful Book,
And read a Lesson which no Brain
That is Mortal can Sustain,
While all my Soul with Horror shook.

Soph. Oh! the distraction of the sight
And Oh! the Torments of the fright
I never, never shall forget that Night.

Bert. Rowze all thy Faculties my Son,
And to my Fatal words give ear,
For know that they concern thee near;
No longer let thy Fancy run
After that Aiery Fantom Fame;
But Love Armida with a constant Flame:
Or Destiny decrees,
Thou shalt feel woes, which but to hear
Would distract thy Soul with fear,
And all thy Blood with Horror freeze,

Soph. Ah! see around the Raving Hosts
Of purple Ghosts;
Whose Blood thou hast in Battle spilt,
With fearful Guilt.
Who, unless aw'd by her Commanding Pow'r,
Would, ah, this Moment, tear thee and devour!

D

Bert.

Rinaldo and Armida.

Bert. *How they advance with whirling Brands,
All flaming in their threating Hands!
And as they go their dreadful Round,
Revenge, Revenge Resound!*

*Dance be-
gins.*

Chorus
of Spirits.

*For Revenge, for Revenge, to Armida we call,
That we terribly may on our Murderer fall;
(him,
That as now we with Sulphurous Torches surround
(wound him;
We with our Screams and our Scorpions may
And with astonishing Horrors confound him.*

During the Chorus a Dance of Spirits.

Armida. *By Heav'n Rinaldo smiles at all their Threats,
And slumb'ring scorns this terrible appearance
Confusion and Amazement! What do I hear?
What Trumpets, this whose great and Martial sound
Makes the World Echo to its Musick:
Ha! Disappear'd! All vanish'd on the sudden!
Gone undismis'd! The Charm not yet unbound!
Ho! Aricc! Hear, and know my awful Voice,
At my Command appear again I Charge thee,
Or else be Banish'd from my sight for ever.*

Fame's Trumpet.

Spirits vanish.

Aricc half rising.

O Queen, to whom thy Excellence of Nature,
And thy Transcendent Beauty gives Command
O're all th' Infernal Powers, for in thy Brightness
We see what once we were in our High Stations,
And some Reflected Beams enjoy

Of

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Of that supremely Blissful Vision,
From whose Enjoyment our aspiring Minds
Have banish'd us for ever.
Excuse thy Slaves unable to obey thee,
For know a greater Power now drives us hence,
One of the Brightest of th' Empyrean Mansions
Expels us with a Stream of Light
That sets this Atmosphere on fire,
And with its Blaze insufferably Bright
Confounds Hell's Gloomy Powers;
Summon th' Aerial Spirits to thy Aid,
For they who pois'd upon expanded Wings,
Like Basking in the Sun's Meridian Glory,
Are fitter to sustain Heav'n's flaming Ministers
Than we who sojourn in the Dusky Deep;
And they, perhaps too, with Enchanting Voices,
To Pleasure may seduce *Rinaldo's* Soul.
Pleasure thou know'st can tame that Dauntless Soul,
Which thou no more by Terrours can'st subdue,
Than fright the Dreadful God who darts the Thunder.
But, Oh, dismiss me, for I can no more,
A Deluge of Empyrean Light overwhelms me.

Arm. Begone then, and for safe to Hell repair.
But see *Rinaldo* awakens, Oh! Astonishment,
How ev'ry thing I see and hear confounds me,
And shews a Power above my own controuls me,
Let us retire, and then unseen observe him,
I from himself my Destiny would learn.

Rinaldo rises from the Couch, Armida and Phenissa retire to the side of the Stage.

Rin. Me-thought the Trumpet's noble Sound
Alarm'd me to the Combar,
Was it Illusion that, or was it real?
Let it be what it will, it gives thee Cause
To ask thy self this Question, what thou wert,
And what thou art at Present? O *Rinaldo*,
Heav'n gave thee Reason for thy Guide of action,

D 2

But

But that's a Lamp set up in ev'ry Breast.
 Heav'n gave thee yet a more exalted Spirit
 Which reach'd above the frail Efforts of Reason;
 For Reason only teaches Man his Duty:
 That rais'd thy free-born Soul to nobler Heights,
 To things Superlatively Great and Good,
 Beyond what Reason or what Heav'n Requir'd.
 But wher's that Spirit now? That Towing Faculty,
 Which mounting Soar'd above Humanity?
 Tis now half Quencht by an Ignoble Fire.
 Oh base Desertion from my self, and glory.

Arm. Hear this *Phenissa*, now are my Fears groundless?

Rin. Nay thou hast stifled too the very Dictates
 Of Common Reason which Mankind Obeys,
 And while Ten thousand Slaves before *Jerusalem*,
 Urg'd by their Duty in this very Moment,
 To Danger and to Death bid loud Defiance,
 Thou Loyter'st here in soft Inglorious Ease.
 Perhaps the Fable of the Army, Ha!
 Canst thou bear that? Canst thou so much as Think
 That thou deserv'st to be Contemn'd and Live?

Arm. Oh, I am lost, beyond all Hope, Undone?

Rin. Nay, canst thou bear ev'n this? That thou no more
 Deserv'st to be preferr'd above the Rest,
 Above the Rest, admir'd? That in this Moment
 The Brave *Tancredi* like Celestial Jove
 With Thunder in his Hand distributes Fate,
 While Thou—By Heav'n I'd rather be a Dog,
 And lead a Brutal Life, without Reflection
 Than to be stung with the tormenting Thought
 That one who is my fellow Creature
 Merits to Command me.

Oh, what's what's become of that aspiring greatness
 That once disdain'd to yield to less than Infinite!
 Tis lost, tis to a Womans will Abandon'd.

Phen. Madam contain your self.

Rin. Tis true thou loy'st her with that height of Fury,
 Which none but her Inimitable Beauties
 Could ever have Inspir'd.

Phen.

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Phen. Observe him now.

Rin. But what? The Vulgar can Command small Passions;
Tis for *Rinaldo* to Controul the Fiercest.

VVhy art thou by Fames Hundred Tongues extoll'd?

Why by her Golden Trump proclaim'd a Heroe,

If thou hast only Brutal force to boast of?

Tis chiefly force of Mind that makes a Heroe.

Then, O thou loveliest of thy Sex, *Armida*,

Thou only one of all created Beings,

That ere had pow'r to Fire *Rinaldo's* Heart

Be satisfied with this, that only thou

Had'st pow'r to move his Soul, which for a time

Admir'd thee Equal to eternal Glory.

Fame's Trumpet and Voices.

Rinaldo, in the Enchanted Grove

Prepare to meet immortal Love;

Straight to the Bow'r of Bliss repair,

Fortune and Fame attend thee there.

Rin. Again that noble Clangor, and with Voices!
Nay then tis Evident 'tis no Illusion.

Who ere thou art that with those God-like Sounds

Thus raise'st all that's pow'rful in my Nature,

This moment in th' enchanted Grove Ile meet thee.

But O *Rinaldo* whither wert thou fal'n?

Who want'st a call to rouse thee from thy Lethargy,

That might Awake the Dead and make them Start

From their Eternal Slumbers

[*Exit.*

Arm. Patience ye Heav'ns, or thou Hell Revenge!

But let us to th' Enchanted Grove Repair,

And thither call the Pow'r's that Rule the Air;

Yet least the Charms of Pleasure too, should fail,

Hell, let thy gloomy gods their last Efforts prepare,

If Destiny Decrees that after all,

I needs must perish, like my self Ile fall;

Ile

Rinaldo and Armida.

I'll fall like one whose Arbitrary Sway,
 Th' Aerial and th' Infernal gods obey;
 With me the Traytor shall not only Die,
 But groaning Nature in Convulsions lie.

Now to the Bosom of Bliss let's fly,
 And all the Way we go,
 Hell, by thy Musick show
 Thou art enrag'd as well as I.

*The End of the Second Act.***ACT.**

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Enchanted Wilderness.*

Soft Musick, Rinaldo solu.

Rin. **W**ere then those glorious Voices but Delusions,
That call'd me with that Pomp of noble Harmony &
Fortune they cried, and Fame attended here,
But all things here as soft as Lovers VVishes,
This Magick Symphony with sweetness sooths me,
And ev'ry thing around me Breaths Desire,
Which passes thro my Senses to my Soul,
And to *Armida's* Beauteous Image there
Imparts fresh force and new Divinity.
That Image to perpetually torments me,
Reflecting on th' Extatick Joys,
Which I must loose for ever.

Enter Armida and Phenissa.

Arm. See where he walks in gloomy Contemplation!
Summon th' Aerial Spirits to their Duty,
While I unseen observe him.

Rin. Could'st thou resolve, then should Heav'n send th' occasion
To leave this lovely Master-piece of Nature;
To leave her in this fulness of Desire,
This height of all thy Furious Wishes;
When each succeeding Hour
Adds to her Graces, and sublimes thy Pleasure:
Can'st thou resolve to see that Face no more;
And never more to hear that Voice,
Whose Musick Charms above the Magick Songs

Ev'n

Ev'n of th' Immortal Ministers who serve her.
 Can'st thou Resolve? Ay, There's the Dreadful Question!
 For what can be so terrible to Nature
 As to fall all at once from blissful Rapture
 To the Curst State of Wishing without Hope?
 Can'st thou make this Effort and live? No matter,
 Life's not the thing in Question now, 'tis Glory.

Arm. See how the Tempest of his Passion tears him!
 But can'st thou hear him thus contrive thy Ruine,
 And yet stand tamely by?
 Thou who can'st crush him in a moment!
 Since thou hast cloy'd him with thy softness;
 What if he heard thee thunder in his Ears,
 With that terrible Voice that untunes Nature,
 And makes th' Inverted Sphears fall into discord?
 But something tender in my Soul restrains me,
 Is it Compassion? No, 'tis something softer,
 Thou lov'st the Traytor still; Lov'st him to madness.
 I do, I will, I must. Can ever Woman
 Behold that Form without a bleeding Heart?
 That Meen that claims the Empire of the Universe?
 With which he may give Laws to Human Kind.
 May the High place with Dignity maintain
 Of Heav'n's great Viceroy for this Under-World,
 And Represent Immortal Majesty.
 Once more I'll try Endearments.

[*She comes forward.*

Rin. Ha! The Queen!

[*Perceiving her.*

Now, where are all thy feeble Resolutions?
 One Glance has humbled thy Aspiring Thoughts,
 Pleasure flows streaming from those Lovely Eyes,
 And with it's sweetness overcomes my Soul.
 If 'tis a Crime to look and be Transported,
 Why was I made thus sensible to Pleasure?
 Why was she form'd with that surpassing Beauty,
 That might transport an Angel from his Sphear,
 And fix him by Divine Resemblance here?

Armida! My Queen! My Mistress!

Arm.

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Arm. Yes, she is here, and still the same she has been,
Unless that to her self she's alter'd ;
That I must see,
At least I'm sure she is the same to thee ;
But thou art alter'd to thy self and me,
And thou art lost to both.

[Pulls out a Glass,
and looks in it.]

Rin. So lost indeed I was, while I
From thee, the dearer part of me, was absent ;
But I shall find my self again in thee.
Why dost thou vainly seek thy likeness there ?
Can the frail Crystal represent Divinity ?
Would'st thou behold these Eyes in all their Glories ?
To see the force of their Celestial Fire,
Turn them on mine all flaming with desire ;
Or look upon the Crystal of the Skies,
And view thy own in the World's flaming Eyes ;
Those Eyes which vast Intelligences move
Minds made like thine, all Knowledge and all Love.

[To her looking
in the Glass.]

Arm. By all my Hopes of Happiness and Him,
His Heart's once more my own. *Rinaldo* sit,
To drive away all Sorrow from thy Soul
I'll give thee Musick that may lull Despair,
And tempt the Dire Tormentours of the Damn'd,
With lifted Brands to listen to its Air.
Aerial Spirits who attend me, Hear,
And shap'd like Gods whom Greece Ador'd, appear. +

*Symphony of Flutes, Venus, Cupid, and a Chorus of Loves
and Graces.*

Ven. Cupid, come to the Relief
Of thy Mother's piercing Grief ;
Hither quickly, Cupid, fly ;
With thee bring thy keenest Dart,
To subdue a Rebel Heart,
Thou art Scorn'd as well as I.

E

Ritor-

Ritornelle.

Cho. *Come Cupid, on thy Golden Wing,
And in thy sounding Quiver bring
Pernicious Arrows, wing'd with Fire,
T'inflie't incurable Desire.*

Symphony.

*Cupid fly-
ing down*

*Thus flying thro' the Balmy Air,
To my great Parent I repair;
And tho' the World's maintain'd by me,
Yet, Mother, to attend on thee,
I leave the mighty Care.*

Vcn. *A Mortal in this Fragrant Bow'r,
Presumes that he's above our Pow'r.*

Cup. *I'll make that Mortal know,
That none too Great for Love can grow:
I tame the mighty Pow'rs above,
And cruel Gods below.*

Ritornelle.

*Great Jove, whose Arms the Lightning sling,
Has felt my fiercer Fire,
And Hell's Inexorable King
Has yielded to Desire.*

Cho.

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Cho. *Great Jove, whose Arms the Lightning fling,
Has felt thy fiercer Fire, &c.*

Cup. *Now quickly thro' th' Enchanted Grove,
Let all my nimble Brethren Rove.*

Dance

Ven. *Let Earth, and Air, and Flood, and Fire,
And ev'ry thing around conspire
To breath forth soft and sweet Desire.*

Cho. *Let Earth, and Air, &c.*

Enter Urania, Ubaldo, Carlo.

U. *Thus we unseen have past the winding Mazes
Of this Enchanted Labyrinth, and now
Stand here invisible to Mortal sight,
To all unless Rinaldo's.
See where the wanton Lovers lie reclin'd
In all the soft and pleasing Pomp of Luxury.
But now tis Heav'n's High will that I Retire,
And the remaining Task consign to you :
To you, I Delegate this Sacred wand,
This wand whose pow'ful touch no Impious Spirit,
Whether of Earth, or Air, or Fire can Bear,
With which thou shalt expel these shining Fantoms.
Then waiting the Departure of the Enchantress,
Ubaldo, thou shalt first approach Rinaldo,*

[To Carlo,

And to his Eyes presenting that bright Orb,
Shew him himself, the only form can shake him.

[*Exit.*]

*Carlo goes round waving his Wand and the
Spirits Vanish.*

Arm. What? All upon the Wing? And undismis'd too!
All Starting with amazement from their Stations,
Like watchful Fowl, that spring upon descrying
The Fowler's sly approach.
What can this mean, that neither is in Nature,
Nor in the Compass of my pow'rful Art;
That Hell or cannot, or else dare not Speak!
Rinaldo too, seems strangely discomposed;
What ails my Love? What means that furious Start?
Why do thy lovely Eyes appear thus Terrible?
And threatening shoot their fiery glances that Way?

Rin. Why have you done this?

Arm. What have I done? Thou art not well my Love.

Rin. Why have you rais'd these Fantoms to delude me,
In that provoking Posture?

Arm. These Fantoms are within thee, I see nothing;
I who a hundred times a Day view Beings,
That are to thee Invisible.
Sure, 'tis th' effect of his distempred Mind;
But then my Spirits who are fled unlicens'd:
The more I think, the more I grow Confounded.
My Genius seems to whisper me within,

Armida! Fate approaches.

An icy Horror strikes thro' all my Veins,
And Freezes as it runs; not far from hence,
There is a dismal Cave, the Mouth of Hell,
Out of the which, the old ugly Beldame Night,
With Twenty thousand fiends, her fearful Equipage,
Each Evening Rushes to usurp the Sky,
And in her hideous flight Deform

Th' afflicted face of Nature ; Straight, Phenissa,
 Into its monstrous Caverns shall Descend
 And thither Summoning Hell's blackest Furies,
 Fiends too abominable to behold
 The face of Heav'n or mine,
 Shall there Compel them to unfold my Destiny:

Ubaldo and Carlo go up to Rinaldo, who had been
 all this while observing them.

Rin. Ha ! What are you,
 That in this posture of Defiance,
 Thus dare t' explore the Secrets of a Solitude,
 That's Sacred to th' Immortal Pow'rs and me ?
 What are you ? Speak or——

Carlo. Men.

Ub. Soldiers.

Carl. Friends.

Ub. Ubaldo,

Carl. Carlo.

Ub. Now, what art thou ? Look there and satisfie thy self.

[Presents the
 Adamantine
 shield to him]

Rin. Damnation, what indeed ? For 'tis Impossible
 That thou canst be Rinaldo. Oh, Dishonour !
 Earth open quick, and take me to the Centre !
 Ye Cedars fall and Crush me to Conceal me !
 But what Retreat can hide me from my thoughts ?
 For I have seen my shame, and that's to me
 As much as if the assembled VVorld beheld it.
 What Godlike Forms are those, compar'd to mine ?
 Off ye vile Trappings of soft Syrian Slaves,
 The Pride of little base Effeminate wretches,
 That want the very outside of Humanity.

[Tears off his
 Ghirlands.]

Carl. Now He begins to be once more Rinaldo,
 Throws off the Captive, and resumes the Demy-god,

We

We come to free thee from inglorious Thraldom,
Follow us.

Rin. Whither.

Ub. To *Jerusalem*.

Rin. Ha!

Ub. *Godfrey* Invites thee.

Carl. The universal Camp demands thee,
Victory on her Eagles Wings attends thee.

Ubal. Fortune, and everlasting Fame expect thee.

Art thou not Fir'd? When *Europe* and when *Asia*

Contending for the Empire of the World,

In dreadful Conflict meet, Is this a place;

This soft Retreat for that aspiring Soul,

That once was foremost in the Race of Glory?

Rin. Great Deeds are oft in Solitude perform'd.

Ubal. Of all created Spirits, is there one

So Covetous of Deathless Fame as thine?

Then where are thy Applauders here?

Rin. The Brave can never be without Applauders,

The Gods, and I my self approve my Actions.

Ubal. Canst thou Desert the darling Cause of Heav'n,

And yet affirm that Heav'n approves thy Actions?

What wants there but thy Sword, O Fatal Warriour,

To finish this Croisade with glorious Victory?

T' extinguish that abominable Sect,

And put an end to all their Impious Rites?

Break forth, and be thy God-like self once more,

The matchless Champion of the Christian Cause,

Who art now th' Egregious Champion of a VVoman;

Break from her Influence, whose malignant Aspect

Eclipses all thy glory.

Rin. Have neither of you seen this VVoman,

Whom thus disdainfully you mention?

Ubal. Thou know'st we have.

Rin. Did you unmov'd behold her? No, you Lov'd her,

Ev'n to the loss of Reason, both you lov'd her,

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Contemn'd and us'd like Slaves, you Doted on her ;
I met you led in Triumph both, and Bound,
Bound in Ignobler Bonds than those of Love ;
I met you, and deliver'd you, unmann'd
To that degree, you grumb'd at your Freedom,
Because your Baseness had excuse no longer.
Have I a Soul so little Sensible,
That I should leave the soft, the kind *Armida*,
When her Disdain and her Imperious fierceness
Could so engaging prove to you ?
Me she yet never gave just cause to leave her,
Unless because for me She left an Empire.
And the Addresses of all *Asia's* Monarchs.

Ub. Our Actions ought not to be Rules for yours,
You have a Soul of a Superiour Order.

Rin. Could you perswade my Vanity to that,
Great Souls by Mighty'st Passions are tormented,
Besides, *Armida* has Ten thousand Charms,
Of which you never can have any Notion.
Could Cruelty have binding force for you,
And am I urg'd to leave the last Endearments ?
That only by their sweet Remembrance pierce
My Inmost Soul, and Rowze up sleeping Raptures.

Ub. A Heroe nere can want a worthier Mistress.

Rin. Thou talk'st, but Ah ! thou do'st not think, *Ubalda*.
For him who has Enjoy'd *Armida*,
There is no other Mistress.
Thou hast beheld her Angel Form,
And Frowning, it has Ravish'd thee.
Thou know'st her Science, and her wondrous Wit too,
But Ah, thou nere can'st know with how much Art,
She makes that Wit subservient to her Happiness,
When she designs to bless the Man she Loves,
And raise him to a God, with height of Rapture.
Were you that happy Man, would you forsake her ?
At least, thou should'st not *Carlo*.

Thy

Thy languid Eyes, that glow with humid Fires,
Declare too well thy Soul.

Carl. I must confess, I should not.

Ub. Nay, then all's lost. Heaven's darling Cause is lost,

Rin. *Ubaldo*, No,

What I have said, has been design'd to show,
That the great thing I now shall do is owing,
Not to the Influence of your frail perswasion,
Who stand Convicted both, and both Confounded;
But the full Force of my own Reasoning Virtue.

Thou Dearer than my Life I Love *Armida*;

I Love my Duty and my Honour more.

And since they call, *Rinaldo* will obey.

But Oh, thou Tyrant, Glory, How much gentler,
And how much Lovelier in the Field I found thee,
When stain'd with Human Gore, from far thou beckon'st,
And I while Death and Horror stalk'd before me,
Broke thro' the whole *Arabian* Horse to joyn thee,
And Mow'd my passage thro' the *Syrian* Infantry.

Ub. There spoke the very first, and best of Heroes [*Entering*

Ur. Nay, then Appear *Urania*.

Rin. The blest *Urania* here!

Ur. Yes, now you purge your stains by such Contrition,
Urania dares appear,

She has with transport, and with wonder heard thee.

Thou hast assum'd a god-like Resolution.

Rin. Yes, I will leave my very Life, my Soul.
Farewell thou Dearer part of me, and with thee,
Pleasure farewell, a long farewell ye Raptures,
That have so often in this blisful Bow'r,
Raif'd me above the height of mortal Happiness.

Enter Phenissa.

Phen. My Lord, the Queen your Mistress, Ha!
Bless me, what shapes are those?

Ur.

Ur. Tell her, she is no more *Rinaldo's* Mistress,
And he no more a Slave.

Phen. What's this I hear? Nay then assist me Hell;
Flie *Nisroe*, flie, and on the Wings of Lightning,
Convey this News I charge thee.
This certainly must turn her Love to Hate,
To mortal Hate; and force her to destroy him.

[Exit.

Rin. Now all ye separated Souls of Heroes,
Who in this happy Isle, enjoy Immortal Pleasures;
Who hovering in the Balmy Air around me.
Beheld the dreadful Conflict in my Breast,
And saw me with a bleeding Heart, a Victor;
Say all, if I deserve a place
In your Illustrious Roll?

Ur. No *Roman* ere did half so much for Glory.
True, they resign'd their Lives for Glory,
But soon their pangs were over.
Thou art contented to Live greatly miserable,
But quickly let us fly, thou know'st *Armida*,
And know'st how far her dreadful pow'r Extends;
That pow'r that sets Earth, Hell, and Heav'n in uproar,
While Chaos Hush'd, stands listning to the noise,
And wondring at Confusion, not his own;
And tho' she should not hurt us, she may shake us.
But hark, already she begins, already,
Hells grizly Tyrant takes the dire Alarm
In Frantick haste ev'n now the Furies Arm,
Th' Infernal Trumpet thro' the Abiss profound,
Horribly Rumbles with its dreary Sound.

[The Serpent and
Bases softly un-
der the Stage.

Hark! [Here the Musick plays out.
In that Roar Hells dreadful Mounds ir past.
Hark! [Here the Alarm plays out again.
Now the vaulted Heaven's restore the dismal Blast.

Ub. I stiffen with Astonishment,

Carl. And I grow Chill with Horrour.
Bless me, what hideous Forms are those,

F

That

That threatning Nod their ghastly skulls,
And Stalk t' oppose our passage,

Rin. Why? those are Creatures whom their Crimes have thrown
So far below us, we to them are Gods
In Scorn of all their empty threats I'll on.
Are we not Spirits too? Immortal Beings,
Whom only we our selves have pow'r to hurt? [Alarm again.
I fear the fair *Armida's* softness more
Than all these ghastly shapes, and all this dreadful Roar.

The End of the Third Act.

The foresaid Alarm is repeated for the Act
Tune.

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, The Country before the Enchanted Palaces.

Enter Phenissa, and Nisroe.

Nis. **W**hy am I call'd with so much eager haste?

Phen. Oh, I want time to tell thee, Haste, Be gone,
Fly, fly, this very moment,
Swift as a Storm, Impetuous as the Lightning,
To execute Armida's Dreadful Will.

Nis. Rinaldo——

Phen. Is gone with Vengeance, and with Death o'rtake him;
Go, bid th' avenging Ministers of Fate
Rush thro the inmost Chambers of the Earth,
And shake the World's Foundations.
Bid the Tempestuous Powers that rule the Air
Let loose th' unbridled Fury of the Winds,
To overthrow their Empire:
And let the Furies with Infernal Horrors
Affright, astonish and confound the Traytour.
What! stand'st thou pausing now the Queen's betray'd?

Nis. I do not pause, this moment thou'rt obey'd.
Behold that grisly Form which there ascends, [Spirits ascends.
The Dire forerunner of Confusion;
As in this Western Main a small black Cloud
Lifting its threatening Head above the Horizon.
The Signal of the Warring Winds
Foreruns the Dreadful Hurricane——
This Rising Fantome by its black appearance
Alarms Millions of Immortal Spirits,
To raise up Tumults that will shake all Nature.

Phen. Let us be gone then, Thou to Hell,
And to the Queen, my Mistress, I,
To tell her what thou hast done.

[*Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning ; Spirit comes forward and sings.

Spir. Ye Spirits that dwell in Earth, Fire, and Air,
Hither, Hither, Hither, Hither, hurrying repair :
Behold your great Mistress, Armida's betray'd,
Hither, hither, hither, Hurry all to her Aid.

Cho. Lo, from Earth, from Hell, and from Sky,
With Vengeance laden we fly.

Spir. Ye Fiends that are lurking in Graves,
Or gliding in Vaulted Caves,
All working amain in your Holes,
Heave, Heave up the Crumbling Earth like Moles.
Till the Mountain shakes,
And the Rock its Basis forsakes,
And the Heart of the Traytor quakes.

Cho. 'Tis done, see the Mountain shakes,
And the Rock its Basis forsakes.

Spir. Ye Pow'rs who govern the Air,
Let nought but Confusion be there ;
Haste to send forth
The stormy North,
And unbind the Deep Mouth
Of the Blustering South :

Let

(they Roar,
Let them blow, let them blow, till with Fury
And ambitious old Ocean disdains the Shore.

Cho. Hark how they blow! Hark how they blow!
If they go on, thro' the Void they will sweep
The Heav'ns, the Earth, and the Deep,
And the World into Chaos will throw!

Spir. Now flying in Crowds,
Charge, Charge all your Clouds,
Charge them all with Destructive Thunder,
Let it roar, till it rends the Vast all asunder.
Let the Lightning fearfully blaze,
Till Mortals who gaze,
Fall Dead at the terrible Wonder.

Cho. 'Tis done, 'tis done, and we shake
At the dire Confusion we make.

Spir. Ye Furies who Reign in Unquenchable Fires,
(Lyres;
To the sound of your Tells tune your Horrible
And give us that Musick by which you Redouble
The Horrors of Hell, and unspeakable Trouble.

Cho. 'Tis done.

Spir. Now add to the Symphony clinking of Chains.

Cho.

Cho. 'Tis done.

Spir. *(their Pains;*
Add the Howls of the Damn'd, in the height of

Cho. 'Tis done.

Spir. *Serpentine Hiss;*
Add their Screams and their Roar, and their

Cho. 'Tis done.

Spir. Let Lucifer's Thunder now answer to this,
And Bellow alternately thro' the Abyss.

Cho. 'Tis done, and 'tis past our pow'r to know,
Whither this be Chaos or no?

Enter Armida and Phenissa.

Phen. At length you have mov'd his mighty Soul.

Arm. But 'tis with Anger not with Fear, he's mov'd,
See where transported with a Noble Fury,
Lovely dreadful as a Warring Angel,
He drives the Infernal Fantomes all before him.

Phen. Redouble your Efforts.

Arm. That certainly destroys him.

Phen. No matter, since you cannot shake him, crush him.

Arm. Thus Godlike! Thus insensible of Fear!

Phen. Think He's insensible of Love too.

Arm. Perhaps He may relent. He comes this way,
And I will make the Tryal.

Phen. Relent! What can you hope? What can you do?
When Furies can't prevail?

Arm. Shew him a greater.

Phen. A greater? What greater?

Arm. A Woman,

An

Rinaldo and Armida.

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An injur'd VWoman!

VVrong'd in her Love, and Raging for Revenge.

Phen. Be VVise, and let him perish.

Arm. Yes, he shall perish if he dares persist;
But thou the giver of bold fatal Counsels,
Assure thy self that thou shalt perish with him.
But see, he comes, and to my VVish alone,
Divided by the Tempest from his Friends,
VVithout Reply, be gone.

[Exit Phen.]

Enter Rinaldo; Thunder and Lightning, and Horrid Musick alternately.

Arm. Be still, at my Command be still, ye Furies,
And ye, Restrain your Roaring Mouths, ye Thunders,
For I am to be heard.

Rin. Ha! The Queen!
The only Object which I would avoid!
Ay, here's the sight at which my Genius shrinks.
Now, all ye Motives to my great Proceeding,
Thou the Remembrance of my former Triumphs,
And Thou the Hope of Future, Thou, O Glory,
That Day and Night in my aspiring Mind
Ragest with inextinguishable Fire;
United aid me in this Dreadful Conflict.
And thou, too conscious of thy great Original,
Rowze, Rowze each nobler Faculty, my Soul,
Exert thy utmost force in thy Defence,
For dreadful is the Danger.

Armida!

Arm. Traytour!

Rin. Traytour!

Armida has had kinder thoughts of me.

Arm. Ungrateful VVretch! Am I at last reproach'd with it?
I have, and therefore doubly thou'rt a Traytour.
Have I selected thee from all Mankind,
To heap upon thee Obligations! —
And basely after all to steal away!

Rin.

Rin. You wrong me.

Are not your Centinels in ev'ry Corner?
Have not your Airy Scouts or'e spread the Island?
How could I hope then to depart unknown?

Arm. Confusion? Am I then defy'd? Hark!
Th' Impatient Thunder grumbles to be at thee;
Ten thousand Raging Friends around thee wait,
Watching the sign to spring and to devour thee,
At my least Nod most certain Death attends thee.

Rin. I go to seek him in the search of Glory,
And if I find him here,
There's a long Voyage sav'd.

Arm. Then you will go?

Rin. Will! Have you not urg'd it?

Arm. Oh, Confusion! What do I hear?
Audacious Fool to tempt thy certain Ruine,
And basely to presume to that degree
Upon the poor Remains of Tenderness,
Which to this moment have preserv'd thee,
I urg'd it?

Rin. Yes, Urg'd it by your Impotent Attempts,
To fright me from departure.

Arm. Oh, Patience yet a Moment!

Rin. The greatness of my Mind is now concern'd,
And tho I had no other Call then that,
I would be gone. Gods! that you should descend
So far beneath your selves,
To think that you could love a Man so base,
As to be sway'd by Fear.

Arm. By my Remaining Hopes of great Revenge,
I ne're design'd to fright thee, but destroy thee;
I know thy Soul incapable of Fear,
Ev'n of the Fear of doing basest Wrongs.

Rin. Whom have I wrong'd?

Arm. Whom hast thou sworn Eternally to Love?

Rin. *Armida!* And that Hour I cease to Love her,
Hear me, ye Gods! pierce me with all your Bolts;
But from this Hour I will ne're see her more.

Arm.

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Arm. Hell and Confusion! Dar'st thou mock my misery?

Rin. I dare not do a thing so much beneath
The Greatness of my Soul.

Arm. Didst thou not say that thou Resolv'st to Love me?

Rin. Eternally.

Arm. And yet resolv'st to Leave me?

Rin. By Heav'ns for ever.

Arm. O vile Dissembler!

Rin. Madam I must be gone, for I am call'd
With such a Voice as Man dares not resist.

Arm. By whom?

Rin. By Victory, by Fame, by Heav'n.

Arm. To do a Barbarous thing? Impossible!

Rin. 'Twas but this moment that th' Immortal Pow'rs,
Call'd loudly from above Begone *Rinaldo*,
Without delay Begone, 'tis We command Thee;
Fortune, and Victory, and Fame attend Thee;
This very night Begone or stay for ever.

Arm. Meer Vapour! and Deluding vision all!

Rin. 'Tis reall all by Heav'n, this very moment
I heard th' Ætherial Trump upon the Mountain,
While the Hill trembled with th' eternal clangour;
Urania too, and *Carlo* and *Ubaldo*
With Messages from *Godfrey* are arriv'd.

Arm. They must return.

Rin. Without me?

Arm. Fate has by me pronounc'd it.

Rin. What will th' Army? what will all *Asia* think?

Arm. The greatest and most glorious of them all,
Will envy thy Transcendent Happiness.

Rin. But envy always stirs up Base born minds,
To blacken whom they Envy.
I shall become the common talk of Slaves.

Arm. They can but talk, while in Revenge wee'l live.

Rin. Nay, then I leave you as my Mortal Enemy.

Arm. Your Mortal Enemy! Provoking wretch!
On ev'ry side avoidless Fate surrounds thee.
To whom then doest thou owe the very Breath,

G

That

That thus pronounces this audacious Insolence?
Is it thy Mortal Enemy preserves thee?

Rin. Yes, 'Tis my Mortal Enemy who e're
Preserves me from a glorious Death,
To see me live a curst Life with Infamy.
Think of my purple Rivals of the *East*.
What will they say? That they were all disdain'd for——
Gods! I want patience to support the Thoughts of it.
But if no sense of my dishonour moves thee,
Think of thy own; what will they say of thee?
That you so far beneath your self descended,
To give a wretch possession of your Soul,
Who vilely could renounce eternal Fame,
To squander an Inglorious Life away
In a fond Woman's Arms.
If thou so little art concern'd for me,
I who Love thee beyond all bounds, must leave thee,
To vindicate thy Fame from bold Blasphemers;
And carrying Terror to the very Courts
Of my Imperial Rivals, make them know
That he alone was worthy of thy choice,
Who had the pow'r when Duty call'd to Leave thee.
Oh! wouldst but thou *Armida* do thy part,
And shew by bearing this Departure greatly,
That she of all her Sex was worthy me;
Who in the Furious Height of all her Love,
To glory could resign me.

Arm. Ay, Here's another cause for my detaining thee,
My Fame as well as Love requires thy stay;
What would those Monarchs say shouldst thou Desert me?
How would they Scorn the weakness of my choice,
Or meanness of my Beauty?

Rin. Then to secure that Fame loe here I Swear,
The memory of what has past between us
Shall in this corner of the World lie Buried:
In *Europe* and in *Asia* unrecorded:
And that of all the Actions of my life,
Alone shall be forgotten.

Arm.

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Arm. Me wouldst thou have give faith to thy False Oaths?
The very Breath that swears, declares thee perjur'd?
Am I to be forgot, as well as left?

Rin. You mistake me.

Arm. Fate ne're mistakes, and Traitor is at Hand.

*Thunder
and Spirits
approach.*

Rin. I thank thee; since for glorious death I leave thee,
How could I ever hope to fall more greatly,
Than dauntless, in this dreadful wrack of Nature?

Arm. So brave! His greatness shakes my Soul, He frowns
With congregated clouds about his brows,
As if he were the God who threw these Thunders;
And he commanded Nature.

Yes, thou shalt die, but not with so much pleasure
As fondly thou believ'st, for thou shalt die
Convicted, and Remorse shall plague that soul
Which fear of danger never could disturb.
Canst thou thy self believe thou art not Perjur'd?

Rin. Perjur'd!

Arm. Yes Perjur'd!

Hast thou not sworn eternally to Love me?

Rin. Well!

Arm. And yet hast sworn to leave me too for ever?

Rin. That is to say, I Love thee with a Passion
That Hopeless and in absence will endure.

Arm. But thou art call'd alas! and by whom call'd?
By Victory, by Fame, by Heav'n; fine Visions!
By thy Satiety thou'rt call'd, false man,
By the base lightness of thy changing temper.

Rin. You wrong me.

Arm. I do not; Had Heav'n enjoyn'd thee to Depart,
Wou'd it command thee to appear Inhuman;
Sprung from a Rock and by a Tygress Nurs'd?
For hast thou, say, fetch'd one Reluctant groan?
Have not thy unrelenting Eyes been dry,
Yet seen my poor Distracted Heart weep Blood?
Hast thou so much as cast one Pitying glance,
On my Hard Fortune? On my Fortune said I?
My dreadful Fate, my Everlasting ruine,

And canst thou falsely then affirm thou Lovest?
 Doest thou not now Convicted fall a Traytor?
 Be gone, and meet the Fate which there attends thee.

Rin. Farewell.

Arm. What I have done? He goes to certain Death.
 Stay; Hast thou not one word t' excuse thy crime?

Rin. Yes, yes, 'tis in my power to justify my self;
 To your confusion too, of that be certain.

Arm. Do it then.

Rin. No.

Arm. You must.

Rin. I'll die a thousand Deaths first.

Arm. By Heav'n's I feel I am a very Woman.

Aside..

Rinaldo, if ever I was Dear to thee;
 If e're I gave thee high and Perfect pleasure,
 Here by its dear Remembrance I conjure thee,
 That thou wouldst satisfy this last request,
 Let me but know thou art not false,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

Rin. O urge it not, if e're thou Lov'st *Rinaldo*,

Arm. Why?

Rin. In pity to us Both.

Arm. Ha! now by Heav'n I long, I die to know it.

Rin. Yet, if tho lov'st *Rinaldo*, let it die with me,
 Thou hast alas! endur'd too much already,
 Why shouldst thou strive to know a thing which known,
 Will break thy wretched Heart?

Arm. To break my heart you must continue silent,
 If I persist to think thee false I die;
 Then speak and let me live.

Rin. Thou hast o'come, but dread the fatal consequence,
 Here I relax the Violent effort;
 Which has thus far suppress the struggling Passion,
 That tore my very Vitals to get free,
 I told thee That I Lov'd thee my *Armida*,
 I told thee not how far, that thou shalt see;
 Then with those Eyes that thro' the Stars see Fate,
 Look upon mine and thro' them view my Soul;

Say,

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Say, do I Love thee now, art thou yet satisfied?

Arm. Prodigious alteration in a moment!
Thou doest not only Love, but thou art Love;
Come to my Heart, and feel it leap to meet thee.

Rin. Why wouldst thou urge me to this fatal Weakness
That has undone us both? and why return it;
With that bewitching softness, which afresh
Must plunge me in the Torments of the Damn'd?
Why wouldst thou sharpen thus the cruel Sting
Of that severe necessity, which now
O cursed Hour! Eternally divides us?

*Breaks from
her.*

Arm. Ah Gods! Ah wretch! Ah Curst perfidious wretch!
Blast him ye Lightnings, and ye Furies tear him;
The Traytor has dissembled Tendernefs,
To torture me the more.

Rin. Now, now O all ye Heavenly Pow'rs defend me.
In this first dreadful moment of my Life,
Not from the Danger of her potent art,
But from my self, y' Eternal Powers defend me!

Arm. Now, now Tartarean Deities Revenge me,
But hold, what Fury want I but my own;
Mine is the wrong, the Vengeance shall be mine:
Die Traytor.

*Holds up her
Dagger.*

Rin. Do strike and pierce thy Image here, so fix'd,
That nothing but a Dagger can Remove it.

*Presenting
his Breast.*

Arm. What has he said? And canst thou pierce him now?
I can for his is a perfidious Tongue,
But then his Eyes, his Lovesick Eyes speak Truth;
I cannot hurt him with that melting Look:
Love in his Eyes defends him. Curse on thy Tendernefs
Then pierce thy self, then Stab him here.

Stabs her self.

Rin. Oh Heaven's!
What has thou done? The Dagger's in thy Bosom.

Arm. Could I oblige thee more?
Now I prevent thy Barbarous design;
This was the only way, I had to abandon thee.

Rin. I have a Soul that Loves and Dares like yours,
And thus.

Arm.

Arm. Ah Hold, *Rinaldo* Hold, if I am Dear to thee,
By that Dear Love I here conjure thee Hold!
Throw down that Cursed Instrument of Death,
I can with constancy support my Wound;
I die to think of thine.

Rin. Ho, there, *Phenissa*, Help *Ubaldo*, *Carlo*?

Arm. Alas! thou call'st in vain, I die *Rinaldo*.

Rin. What will become of me, thou bleedst to Death,
And yet no succours nigh.
Let me support thy Lovely Fainting Limbs,
Back to the Palace where *Phenissa* waits thee;
Now where's Ambition.

Arm. If I wou'd Live, I want no mortal aid;
A Thousand powerful Spirits round me wait,
Hark! how they groaning all deplore my Fate!
Hark! how their Lyres resound a Rueful Strain,
Which shews them sensible of all my pain.

Rin. O Grief! O Infinite excess of woe!
That makes the very Damn'd with Piercing moan
Lament our Sorrows, and forget their own.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Rinaldo, Armida, Phaniffa.

Rin. **N**OW you and Heav'n have perfected my Joy,
And all I wou'd have ask'd prevented:
Thou hast renounc'd thy Faith, renounc'd thy Art,
And thy Wound is not Mortal; my Friends too;
My Friends will all be ravish'd, I'll but seek them,
And with them in a moment I'll return.

Arm. Wilt thou begone then?

Rin. I must, it is in order to our Happiness.

Arm. I know it, and yet methinks 'tis Death to part with thee?

Rin. It is but for a moment.

Arm. But yet that moment sure will break my Heart.
How Dolefully it beats with Dying Blows?
As if with thee my very Soul departed.
How would Eternal separation plague me?
But see, *Rinaldo* there, look here *Phaniffa*!
What mean these wing'd ill Omens of the Air
That passing brush me with their deadly Pinions,
And seem the forlorne Hope of Fate?

Rin. I see nothing.

Phan. Nor I.

Arm. Is it possible? nor hear you any Voice?

Rin. None but that Voice whose Musick Charms my Soul.

Arm. Nor you?

Phan. Nor I.

Arm. Hark! how it cries again, prepare *Armida*,
Dispatch, we're grown Impotent of Delay:
See, where we all stand ready to Receive thee,
Assembled in the Air, we hov'ring stand,

And

And Instantly expect thee.

Rin. What do I hear? Her mind is much disturb'd,
And Danger's Imminent, I must be swift,
On wings of Fear which thou hast lent I'll fly,
And in a moment with my Friends return.

Phen. My Lord.

*Just as he
goes out.*

Arm. What want you?

Phen. Madam, I thought my Lord *Rinaldo* call'd.

Arm. Sure so he did, for see he turns this way,
And seems to Beckon to you.
Fly, to know what he wants.

*She goes after
him to the Door.*

Rin. Wants the Queen any thing *Phenissa*?

Phen. No my Lord!

Rin. Why am I call'd then?

Phen. My Lord,

I have something of Importance to Impart to you,
Which the Queen must not hear.

Rin. I am now in haste, my Impatient Friends expect me,
I'll instantly return. *Exit.*

Phen. You will! why then the Sun, that all things sees,
Sees not a wretch that's so forlorn, as I am:
Return! for what! To bear the Queen to *Palestine*?
Whither must I transport my self? to *Syria*?
Without *Armida*! or to *Godfrey's* Army?
'Thou! thou the mortal Foe to their Religion!
But such *Armida* was! Renounce thy Faith!
'Thou hast a Queens Example!
Suppose I should? alas! I have an art,
An Art, which Christians utterly abhor,
And that, I never, never can renounce:
Her, all th' Infernal powers obey'd, attracted
By Supream knowledge and by Sovereign Beauty!
For in her face, they saw the bright Reflection
of that resulgent place, from which they fell,
But I, alas! O dire Remembrance! I
Am by indissoluble contract bound.
This Voyage I must then obstruct or Perish!
Then his return I must obstruct or Perish:

But

Rinaldo and Armida

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But the black stratagem that Fate suggests,
Perhaps may touch *Armida's* precious Life;
No, by discovery of the Truth at last
I can prevent that dire Calamity.—

Arm. What says *Rinaldo*?

Phan. What said your doleful heart at his departure?
What said the Wing'd ill Omens of the Air?
And what the Voices of the Eternal Beings?
Hear them once more! Ye Spirits now assist me. *Waves her wand.*

Spirit rises and Sings.

Spirit. *Ab Queen! ab wretched Queen give o're,*
Cease, cease with hopeless Fire to burn,
Ab cease his absence to deplore:
Who now, even now forsakes the Shoar;
And never, never will return,
No never see thee more. *Sinks.*

Phan. What say they now?

Arm. Gods I am tortur'd, I am stung to madness! *aside.*
Let 'em say what they will: I'll not believe 'em.

Phan. Will you give Credit to *Rinaldo* then?
Since you must know what he himself has said.

Arm. Ah Gods, and was it that?

Phan. And was it that? what cou'd it be but that?
Or what could he declare but that?
Which you were not to hear:
He coldly bad me Comfort you.

Arm. Ah! Comfort from a Devil! but be hush'd! *aside.*
Be hush'd my Soul but only for this moment:
And be as mad as all the Winds the next,
And ye, ye Tyrant Gods, unless y'are pleas'd
To see perfidiousness pass unreveng'd:
While thus you plague the Creature of your hands,

H

Only

Only for too much truth; for too much Love;
 Assist my enfeebled Arm this once, and then
 Hurl all your Thunders at my wretched head,
 And take your willing Victim.

Phen. So, she repents it greatly.

I see a noble Fury in her Eyes.

Arm. Why then *Rinaldo's* gone?

Phen. Most certainly.

Arm. Confusion! I must now make haste:
 I shall be mad too soon else.

But how durst you, my Slave! conceal his Treason:
 How did you dare t' abett his damn'd design?

Phen. To abett it.

Arm. Ay, how did you dare t' abett it?

Phen. Hell had suggested—

Arm. What?

Phen. Why, that you—

Arm. Die, and consult it better.

Stabs Phen. She dies.

So: 'twas exactly levell'd at thy Heart:

Would I had always taken aim as justly.

And hast thou then forsaken me! what me!

Me, couldst thou then forsake! is't possible!

Me, that had laid out all my Soul upon thee!

That willingly, that gladly would have dy'd for thee!

And couldst thou not be satisfy'd, unless

Thou murderst me thy self! O wretched man!

Can you see this! you Gods! and not Revenge it!

Revenge it then, Revenge it then ye Devils!

Who with Abhorrency and Detestation

Foretold this more than Devilsh Act!

They hear thee not! my Spirits too have left me.

But behold!

Phanissa there lies dead! *Rinaldo's* gone.

Whither must I go! ha! where am I left!

Thrice has yon Planet wayn'd and thrice encreas'd,

Since I came flying to these Isles of Fortune:

In all which time no Footstep has appear'd

Of any humane Creature here inhabiting:

Nor

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Nor has one Sail bin seen to dare the winds!
Upon this unknown Ocean! But this morning
I seem'd to be the darling care of Heav'n!
The pow'rfull'st Queen of all the Eastern World!
The adoration of Mankind: O dreadful change!
But have I not one Friend in Heav'n or Hell?
Yes: one I have: then let him come! Come death!
Come thou most Generous of th' Immortal Pow'rs!
The only God, that's true to th' Unhappy:
Thus let me guide thee to my faithful Heart:
Take heed; how thou a second time mistak'st!
Ah Gods! thou hast a second time mistaken!
And I have now not strength enough t' assist thee!
Yet hast thou done thy work! and tho' thy hand
Is slow; I find 'tis sure. *A noise without.*
What's that a Noise!
The trampling fure of Feet! which this way tend.
Oh all ye pow'rs the Christians are returning!
Is it my weakness that deludes my Eyes,
Or has the barb'rous man relented? ha!
He has, he has! Oh all ye Eternal Pow'rs!
What have I done! now death forbear a Moment!
That with my dying breath I may upbraid him:
That with my dying breath I may forgive him,
And that my Soul may blessing him, expire.

Enter Rinaldo, Urania, Ubaldo, Carlo.

Uran. Not farr from hence you know you left *Armida!*

The Stage is darkn'd.

Rin. A very little further on the right:
Upon a sudden 'tis exceeding Dark.

Uran. Yes, with a Darknes foreign to the place:
A Fog, that steaming from the Mouth of Hell,
Doubles the Native Horrors of the Night:
Be cautious! Cautious, how thou treadst, *Rinaldo;*

H 2

Left

Left blindly guided by thy head-strong Love
Thou stumblest on despair!

Whom left you with *Armida*?

Rinal. Phenissa.

Uran. Armida's evil Genius bore that name,
The Source of all her woes.

Arm. Oh Curs'd Phenissa! hast thou then betray'd me!
Is't Possible?

Carl. Angels, and all ye Host of Heaven defend me,
What dismal Shape is this.

Uran. The Remnant of the wretch that was Phenissa, *Stumbling on Phenissa.*

Rin. Look down upon me ye eternal Pow'rs!
Phenissa! where! Oh where!

Uran. Where! here! Look here Rinaldo,
Now see thou show'st thy self a man! a Man!
That's not enough. Be what thou art, a Hero!
And then with stedfast Eyes, and heart unshaken,
Behold ill Fate lie there.

Rin. Oh! Oh!

Nor Man nor Hero can ill fate resist,
And thus it tears me down: all Conquering Death
Thou art indeed the Greivly King of terrors!

Ubal. Son of Bertoldo! be thy self this moment.

Carl. Think of thy Glory!

Ubal. Think of past Trophies and of future Triumphs!

Carl. Think that the Army of the East Survey's thee!

Uran. Think that a Thousand Demi-Gods Surround thee.

Rin. O my Armida.

Armida. And art thou come my Hero! art thou mine!
Take, take my fleeting life! ye Envious pow'rs!
For life with thee, exceeded Mortal happiness.

Rinal. What wrought this dreadful work of Fate!

Uran. Leave that Discovery to me, Rinaldo!
For know that in three Minutes she Expires.

Rin. Heart rending sound! has Heav'n expressly form'd
My Soul, for her alone! and will it part us.

For ever part us! we'll not part a moment:
Behold her with my Eyes! ye Heavens! and spare her.

Uran.

Rinaldo and Armida.

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Uran. Thy pray'r's are all deliver'd to the winds,
Heav'n hears not: and she dies.

Rin. Oh sad reward of Constancy divine!

Arm. 'Tis the dreadful punishment, of Lawless Love!

Rin. Oh Faith! Oh matchless Truth oppress'd by Fate;
For Truth it self embody'd lies in thee:
And with its Beauty charms the admiring World.

Uran. 'Tis not for Man to censure Heav'n's decrees;
As it knows how to Punish, it can recompence?
By Impious Arts, she drew thee to her Arms!
No sacred rites prepar'd; th' unlicens'd way:
For which, by Heav'n's severe decree, she dies
A Terrible Example.

But yet because her Faith, her Truth, her Constancy;
Seem'd to have more than humane Virtue in them,
And she Expires repentant.

Heav'n, that in all its sacred dispensations,
Makes the perfection of its Justice shine;
A more than mortal Recompence ordains for them:
For after both your mortal Dates are past,
Here in this blissful Region of the Air;
Thou shalt for ever Live, with thy *Armida*.

Arm. Nay, then you Pow'rs! you make amends for all::
These, these are Sounds, which can make Death delightful.

Uran. Thus with the motion of this sacred Wand,
I in a moment drive away the Mists;
That Cloud your mortal Eyes.

*Scene opens, and discovers Fame, Heros and Heroines
in the Clouds.*

And now behold!

If that your Eyes can bear Immortal Splendor;
Behold where hovering on her Golden Wings:
Bright Fame illuminates her Godlike Equipage.
Heros, and Heroines? in the Air assembled,
A Thousand Glorious forms that live in pleasures;
To mortals inconceivable;

With

With these you shall for ever live;
O're these you shall for ever reign,
For ever reign united.

Arm. Thou Kindest, Dearest, Best of Men, farewell?
I come ye Pow'rs!

Rinaldo! let no grief come near thy Soul:
In insupportable delight I die.

Dies.

Rin. Break Heart; this very Moment! Cruel Pow'rs!
Why am I such a Wretch, that Death avoids me:
Faith, Beauty, Truth, and Constancy farewell;
For a short time farewell; farewell, ye Hero's,
Who in your Mansions of the Air expect me.
Death! who shou'd joyn me to you here, avoids me?
Then to *Jerusalem* I'll fly, and there
Provoke him, and compell him, to unite me;
Eternally to you and my *Armida*.

Uran. There I'll Proclaim, how he, who rules above?
Takes severe Vengeance of unlawful Love.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

TO some fine Sparks methinks in yonder Rows,
The Brave Rinaldo, a Barbarian shows:
His leaving for a Camp his Amorous Care,
Is a rude thing they'l ne're Forgive they swear:
They ne're could think so barb'rously they say,
No, that Young Hero's meer Reverse are they:
On his young Cheeks Love's Charming power abides,
While in his Manly Breast the God of War resides:
In their soft Hearts, Ten Thousand Loves have places;
But Wars stern God dwells on their dreadful Faces:
While the late War in all it's fury Rag'd,
They ne're with Gauls in Belgian Plains Engag'd:
Nor Towing Fame on Alpine Mountains sought,
But here with Frightful looks, while others Fought,
They guarded the weak places they had Bought.
But you, who to your Country and your Fame,
Great Souls, still sacrific'd your Amorous Flame:
Who in each Spring, the season of Desire,
Left the Bright Dames, that set your Souls on Fire;
To follow William, forcing France to yeild,
And hunting Glory thro' the Dusty Field:
You sure with Pleasure should Rinaldo view,
Who less deserves Immortal Fame than you:
He flew from a polluted Beauties Arms,
And from the Influence of malignant Charms.
You from such Beauty and such Vertue flew,
As might enamour Gods as well as you.
And you Bright Nymphs——
Whom for a time the Noble Youths forsook,
With Pleasure may on Lost Armida Look:
Since by her weaknefs, your High merit shines;
And to your praise, the rudest Hearts inclines.
She to retain her Hero in her Arms,
The utmost force exerted of her Charms:

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You when their Glory Summon'd yours away,
Your Locks relaxed and relax'd your sway,
By which you force ev'n Savages to obey.
Your Countrey's happiness you first design'd,
To that the Darlings of your Souls resign'd,
And sent them Death, or Victory to find.
O Roman Virtue! which it's tryal past,
Well merits the Reward it meets at last:
For since with Peace the Noble Youths return'd,
They for such worth with Double fires have burn'd.
May long Fruition but foment the Flames,
And be your Loves Immortal as your Fames.

